Battery Dan on the Bench

Sunday Morning in the Jefferson Market Police Court.

Jefferson Market police court is one of trate Crane; they're all right, but they ain't the oldest in town, and the odor of crime | been brought up amongst the people, and seems difficult to eradicate; it meets and if a man's ever had money or been brought greets you before you have fairly set foot up with a father that's got money he



man's clothes. The dusty, unwholesome room has the sole adornment of semi-Gothic captions to

doors and windows. The place is filled of the night before, and at first eight it is difficult to determine prisoner from bondsman, sightseer and witness, for the prisoners, except those with bandages, have no hallmark. It is the probation officer who helps you classify guilt and crime, for he is a ready reference of the "Who's Who of the criminal court.

There are nearly 200 cases to be heard this Sunday morning, and through these 200, in the wake of the law, a path is cut to the bridge by a side door and then to the rear of the Magistrato's bench, where glimpses are caught of the court room and the inmates awaiting sentence.

Even with the aid of comfortable chairs and a breathing space it is not a pleasant spectacle that one is called upon to view. To the occasional looker-on there is always certain amount of curious interest mingled with disgust and pity. But the curiosity confined entirely, however, to the visitor, for the attendants, whether they be the attaches of the courtroom, the lawyers or the lawyers' assistants, manifest One of the bluecoated officials, for a

oment off duty, leans over the shoulder and offers explanations. "It's Battery Dan that's hearing the

A young reporter from Chicago; who has just volunteered the information that the cornfields of Chicago are as large as the whole of Manhattan Island, says with that wick grasp of the subject which marks

Short for assault and battery, I suppose? The attendant looks at her reflectively. He cannot tell whether or not she is joking, but, humor being an unusual grace, takes

herat her seeming word and says, gravely: "No'm. He was brought up right among the people, in the deestric' nearabout the lower part of the city and that's where his name came from."

It is, but the day before that the members of the bar associated with Magistrate Finn have testified their appreciation of his services by the presentation of a handsome ivory gavel; the legal mind, conservative to a degree, having never yet within the memory of man emphasized its regard by any other form of gift. Gavels and goodness are synonymous in the red-

To-day a similar appreciation is shown in the words of this court attendant, voicing the feelings of his mates.

He's the right man for the place if there



SUNDAY MORNING WITH "BATTERY DAN."

apparently voicing not only his own but

Magistrate Finn shruggs his shoulders

"I've got my conscience just as you've

got yours. You think you did your duty.

though you didn't have any evidence, and I

"I done my duty, sir, and I think-

with a Franco-Hibernian motion.

his companion's feelings.

gavel for one of walnut, weatherbeaten as / policeman making the arrest and he is is own countenance.

He has the magisterial head, round like bullet and with deep furrows in the face. Occasionally, remembering his visitors, he Magistrate turns and addresses a remark, the furrows changing into a sunburst of radiating wrinkles about mouth

At the moment when the visitors' attention s first attracted toward him a woman stands fronting the bar of justice. She is young and sets up that it is her first offense. To emphasize her words, a few tears trickle mechanically from the corners of her blue

"They all say first offense," says the callous voice of another attendant. "Sometimes they don't dare, 'cause they know the court officers recognize 'em, but if they don't see any one they know they'll take chances on not being discovered." Justice is administered so quickly that

even while the explanation is being made the case is disposed of, but an amiable faced, middle aged woman, another proba-He wipes a fervid brow after this perora- tion officer, gives the substance of it with a tion, giving the listener a good chance to half groan.

view Battery Dan, who occupies a com-manding position in every sense of the did she, then it's a crime!" and following word and has eschewed the ivory and gold this terse summing up, continues:



THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

know I'm doing mine when I discharge | as shown by the architect and whose whole Did you read Labouchere's speech in the woman for that reason." he House of Commons the other day

Down the long aisles of sinners sweeps aying that women could not argue? Well. an expression of relief; hour after hour it his is a sample of the argument of man, is the only expression that the faces wear, except when they are freed when the ex-This whisper dies away just as Magispression is intensified a hundredfold.

The woman of the first offense trips down the aisle holding up some soiled skirts to display light colored shoes with high French | man stepped in as peacemaker."

appearance suggests the carelessness of one

who has wandered far from the paths of

safety. He is accompanied by a dapper

lawyer, whose diamonds look very cheery

as he strokes his tawny mustache and taps

"There was a man and his wife having

some words in the tenement, sir, and this

his client's sleeve soothingly.

heels and gauzy stockings. The Windy City reporter watches the exit with inter-

"Tell me." she whispers hoarsely to the probation officer, "just as woman to woman, what would you do if you had the problem to face and settle?" She pronounces probem in capitals.

"I think," says the practical minded probation officer, inured by years of hand to hand conflict with vice, "I would put

them in uniforms. On the other side of the visitors, a rapid voice takes up the refrain, unknowing that

his thunder has been stolen. "You take my word, Miss, its clothes that does it nine times out of ten; ain't it a shame when there's good places waiting to be filled? But a girl gets tired with the day's work and another girl comes in with a pretty gown on and nothin' to do, and it's easier than washing dishes."

The women are mostly young and most of them are well dressed, one with a light summer silk daintily worn with a big tulle rosette at the back of her neck and a white summer hat. There is an apparently aroftrary tendency to the Louis Quinze shoe and open work stocking, and in every case, the girl discharged lifts her dress a little above regulation tide as she leaves the court room. Before the Magistrate the faces are curiously alike, an utter lack of expression except a sort of mechanical interest as if they were looking on at some-thing in which they had no part. When allowed to speak, their words have the fluency of the professional beggar and, like them, the unmistakable ring of insincerity.

The line of them is broken once or twice by grayhaired hags with the inevitable shawls about their shoulders, gowns grimy with soot and dirt. It is a cause and effect so easy to decipher that even the Windy City's interrogation point does not ask the inevitable question as to "what becomes of them;" instead she makes a note while she whispers, as one who had never heard of Henry James, "Ain't it awful?"

"Well, suppose she did smile at the man, that's what women are born for-to smile at the men."

Against this dictum the sergeant has no ready reply, and the prisoner trips down the aisle. Outside the door she executes a twostep of delight.

At this moment the procession of women is interrupted by the insertion of a battered mortal whose head is done up in bandages, his face plastered with strips so that it looks like the diagram of a country house

The peacemaker moves his jaw painfully and then says hearsely:

She worr a wife of me own oncet, and I ain't goin' to have no other man abuse

The sentiment is really better than it sounds, and having set his jaw again in place with a scratched fist, the peacemaker leaves his case in the hands of counsel.

The visitor sees a well dressed young man come in the door and look about anxiously. He does not take off his silk that worry me," he explains. "I wasn't hat until requested to by the official, and born hardhearted, and can't be born over

naturally complications ensue. This is followed by a forgery case and then more women until the court room is cleared. the sheep going out one way and the goats

another, according to penalties.

Later, in the private room, Magistrate Finn walks excitedly up and down, his corrugated face showing evidences of strong emotion, which is produced by the limitation and mistakes of the law he is there to en-

"It's those poor, unfortunate creatures then removes it with an apologetic air. again. I suppose I'll always feel so until



His clothes are well made and he carries a

Mr. O'Connor, the probation officer, excuses himself from attendance, and when he returns whispers, excitedly:

"That's one of my parole men. Isn't that a fine system? You see it was his first offens, and he was allowed to go. He got a place on the railroad and is as happy as the day is long. If he had been committed he would never have recovered his self-respect, but as it is he will be all the better.

The voice of the Magistrate, which has the penetrating quality of those accustomed to speak in stuffy places, says:

"Oh, I know the kind of firm. It is one of those brother firms. Just as soon as one is found out in anything disreputable it's always 'My brother is the man you want to see.' The Magistrate is trying to disentangle the intricacies of a case in which a piano figures. As it is claimed by a storage firm, the buyer and the seller. always 'My brother is the man you want

something is done to remedy the state of affairs. It's a shame and a disgrace." He looks at the Windy City orator, at the

feminine probation officer, at the visitors. and says, helplessly: "Wey should not the men be punished.

It is a question which has occupied too many ages to be answered then and there. Porhaps he does not expect an enswer, for

after a minute he continues: "To tax those women is to legalize vice. The wages of the court officers, of the Magise trates and of the Judges themselves are paid from the proceeds of their sin. To fine one of them is practically to say 'Go out on the street and earn the money to pay your fine.' What can I who am only here to enforce the law do except protest whenever



THE PEACEMAKER.

Work at the Straight Edge: a Woman's Experiences in a City

of human brotherhood in a way that is at | we chose.

stoned dates and shelled nuts in the bakery | cut. -which by the way has the reputation of being the cleanest in the city.

wich Village. A big old fashioned house. built to suit aristocratic tastes, is marked with the sign, "The Straight Edge Kitchen." There a score or more socialists are striving to build a later day Utopia. No beneficent financier backs their en-

terprise with interest bearing bonds. No committee of uptown philanthropists contributes influence and wealth to its maintenance. Instead their capital is a negative quality, their equipment the meanest, the very roof over their heads an uncertainty. Yet with the weapon of economic toil they fight the wolf at the door, while they seek to repair the damage which industrial greed has inflicted on society.

One morning at 8 o'clock I walked into the besement restaurant of the Straight Edge Industries and applied at the counter for work. There I got a yellow slip marked "Requisition card," which contained a list of my duties for the day.

The first thing on the program was breakfast. This was brought to me by a fellow worker and eaten off a polished table. A tray covered with a paper napkin contained a generous bowl of mush and milk, a dish of rhubarb, potatoes, cocoa and

bread and butter. The price of breakfast, and indeed of all the meals, was 20 cents, which I paid for with a worker's meal ticket. Each of us received a weekly book with coupons for twenty-one meals and for a room in the publish the results of their experiments the press was kept busy translating it into

of cooperators who live out the theory lodging tickets, and sought shelter where Occasional News Letter, a satirical booklet,

don't understand the temptations of them

that ain't ever had any."

chopped onions and made sandwiches a fescinating old New York kitchen. Every-have learned to read from the forms, and the kitchen; I have waited on the tables thing was of the simplest, from the iron consider it a great game to distribute the and stood at the receipt of money in the stone china to the home made tray racks. restaurant. I have bound booklets and Sometimes we had trouble to find pans folded circulars in the printery; I have that did not leak and knives which would

I found this industrial kaleidoscope on science graduate, a neatness and order Abingdon Square in the heart of old Green- prevailed which would have delighted her soul. There I cut bread, deviled eggs, meal, to exchange views on the news of the grated cheese, made butter balls, ran to day, and for the workers to become the store, and when the noon hour was acquainted with their customers. Toward imminent learned to set the trays for the evening the bakery did a thriving trade. coming lunchers. The Straight Edge is vegetarian in prac-

tise; not, however, from the belief that from the flats and old dwellings in the flesh-eating is a crime, but in view of the present cost and quality of meat. Its or whole wheat bread, done up neatly in patrons are a varied lot; many of them are the better class of mechanics from a big nut food which are inventions of the Straight electrical concern nearby, others emplovees in the wholesale district which touches the square.

I had the pleasure of ministering to a burly | cook. policeman and a fire engine chief. Artists from the Bohemian quarter to the east drop early, I omitted the siesta and blocked my in when their purse is lean. Lawyers and well groomed business men whose and ends of work to be done. In the division enterprises bring them to the neighbor- of labor it was natural that each one was hood enjoy a taste of the simple life which

menages. printing office, where the publications of the publisher, the counter to an ex-grocer's Straight Edge are set up, printed, folded, clerk. bound and sent out all by hand, if you please. No typesetting machine for them! No

When the workers in this industrial

or a sociological pamphlet. There, too, After breakfast I became scullion for we did the printing necessary for the busiconsider it a great game to distribute the type and to sort the leads. The Straight Edge day is eight hours.

REPORTING TO THE PROBATION OFFICER.

funny isn't it?"

rate Finn ejaculates:

so every afternoon I had time to use as I pleased, coming back to do my share of the friends. supper work. It was at this meal that the which would have depressed a domestic neighborhood dwellers in furnished rooms were best represented.

There was time then to linger over the

Then I took the helm at the cash register and came in contact with the housekeepers vicinity. They bought loaves of white waxed paper, and purchased the cakes and Edge mind and hand. Children ran in with pails to buy hot soup or baked beans. which the busy mother had no time to

If for any reason I wished to get off in solid, for there were always odds allotted some especial work for which he is in sharp distinction to their own elaborate showed particular fitness. Thus, the carpentry and janitor's work fell to a

lot and wherever the need was greatest press which performs every function from | we all turned in. On Saturday the demands inking its own type to mailing its own of the bakery were most insistent, and the putting up of lunches took much time.

When the financier was seized with an laboratory are seized with the desire to idea for increasing the earnings of the place

overalls and seized brush and pot. I enjoyed my work and gleaned many

once fanciful and practical.

After breakfast I became scullion for we did the printing necessary for the busithe cook and had my first introduction to ness. Many of the Straight Edge children Disagreements would arise at times and our varied temperaments did not always blend. But on the whole, we kept our tempers and survived such tribulations as a shortage of spaghetti and a dearth of boiling water, only to become the better The workers with whom I toiled daily

represented many different types. Among them were a cowboy and a bartender, an Oxford graduate and a French tailoress a settlement worker and a hotel cook.

Young men who wish a start on the road of the compositor, a working knowledge of carpenter's tools, an introduction to the baking industry, find an opportunity there. Young women whose goal is housework, restaurant service or a cashier's desk, seek it at a training school. Men and women who have dropped out of the industrial race get on their feet again, and those whom Osler's verdict debars from a fresh start are able to earn a living and keep their self-respect. Students procure an intimate knowledge of practical socialism.

Besides my tickets for board and lodging, I received a weekly dividend, apportioned according to the Straight Edge system, which they tell me has been worked out with great care.

On entering the community I was credited with thirty-six points, which entitled me to as many shares of the net earnings. After my lunch I was despatched to the retired sailor, the printing to a one time Had my work been objected to by any worker as unsatisfactory, I would have lost a count; as it was, I advanced one point each month.

One feature of the Straight Edge theory and practise is its attitude toward women and children. The bearing and rearing of offspring it considers an economic as well as a social contribution.

The mother is a worker with the same

which I put on the restaurant trays were folded in the school as one of their tasks. The pasteboard boxes which I filled with but to fall when the molders of practical salted peanuts and date nuts were put together by the youngsters who proudly brought me the day's products and signed and filed their cards with the satisfaction apprenticeship the Straight Edge has of the master workman.

taught me to wrap bundles and tie knots. gencies of laboratory practise. They also receive a dividend and in keeping account of this microscopic income, learn The other rudiments of education are assimilated in ways as novel.

They seem to thrive under this strange course and I have never seen more intelligent or better mannered youngsters. They seize upon every new phase of work and velopment, do not lose the filial relation play with an energy and avidity quite foreign to the public school child. Their playmates in the neighborhood consider it a great privilege to spend an afternoon in the school joining in the industrial routine.

The children all have their hobbies. One boy has drawn a book full of steamships, another who knows the peculiarities of every | They consider its theories ridiculous, fanatifire engine in the city, the youngest, who cannot read yet, picks out the newspapers for any given day by looking at the car-They are not angels by any means, and when an ill spent Friday was the cause of an hour's work on Saturday one youngster in tragic tones pronounced it the Hard

At present the Straight Edge is struggling for its very existence. Several times it has been on the road to financial comfort, if not ease, when internal dissensions or outside misfortune have postponed the time when its sound standing shall be assured. But that is sure to come, its promoters say.

r have been working with a little band | we received money in exchange for our | theory, they have recourse to their | campaign was in progress we donned | dend for such work as she can do in con- | growing. That is not the question which | measure which amazed and fascinated nection with her home duties. If Mary's hands and clothes are dirty and Dick's manners bad she is liable to lose a point.

The puzzled me as I talked to these modern Felix me. Holts and joined in their manual toil. St manners bad she is liable to lose a point.

Material prosperity is probable, growth and of P Nor are the children themselves left out further branches of work will be possible. of this socialist experiment. The napkins but the realization of the fantastic, chimerical ideal of the Socialist is another matter.

Many prophets of socialism have arisen difficulties were to be removed and the chasms of disappointment and disillusionment were to be spanned. In its six years already passed many a Scylla and Charybdis The oldest child in the school, a boy of 9, and has modified theories to suit the exi- faith and Paradise rises before them.

It has abandoned the community feature, which marks so many colonies. The work two of the great R's, writing and arithmetic. and its profits are shared, but to each man and woman is allotted the privilege of an individual private life. Thus each dweller in the house makes his room a home, as sacred and inviolate as his person.

The children, in spite of their social de with their parents. In this way they protect the rights of personality which the orthodox socialist disregards. Many outsiders believe in the Straight

Edge movement and have contributed financial aid as well as sympathetic encouragement. Others denounce it strongly. cal, blasphemous, its methods impractical

and erroneous. As a matter of fact, disapproval or approbation troubles the Straight Edge people little. They are sincere, hardworking people who count the getting of riches and the dwelling in material ease as nothing compared to the duty of sharing with those who need. They may never reach their goal. but they consider striving for it worth the

Interested as I was in this intimate view of Truth as she is lived, neither the theories nor the modus ope and absorbed me as did the personality of my fellow workers. bouse. If we preferred to live outside or to electrify the public with a radical the printed word. When a fresh paint of books. She receives her weekly divi-

St. John the Divine, upon the lonely Isle of Patmos, saw the New Jerusalem no more clearly than do they behold the industrial millennium. The sordid material conditions they face are no more to them than the barren studio to the sculptor who releases the divine image from a mass of shapeless And so they toil. Poverty, discomfort,

misunderstanding, opposition, disappointment touch them on every hand. But they have only to lift their sight to the hills of They gaze, and under their very eyes

capital and labor lie down together, the problems which threaten to devour our artificial civilization are slain by the Golden Rule, industrial equality triumphant reigns with love and equity over a society rescued from the tyranny of unlawful wealth and he vandalism of oppressed ignorance.

For the City Directory Man. "We don't want anything to-day." "But I do."

"Sir?" "I want the names of your family." "Oh, are we going to be in the census,

"No, this is for the city directory-how many have you in the family?" "There's only two-myself and my hus-

band." "The name?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

"What is your husband's full name?" "Before he was married he used Robinson, but he has reformed."

O-la-ha-wal-la and Bacon Rind.

From the Kansas City Journal. The following officers have been nominated by the progressive party of Osage Indians at Pawhuska: Principal chief, O-la-ha-wal-la: second principal chief, Bacon Rind. The following have been nominated as councilmen: W. S. Matthews.